

Here, everything is vegetarian, and clean (photography), at least beneath the glass, and deliberately/simply aside. Side dishes and deserts – no main course; no middle. And death, or flowers of death, devoid of green. Dishes get dirty, at times before breakfast. Regression lingers in some of the photographed objects, or at least in their deliberately loose (infantile?) handling. Pictures/information to renegotiate presence. Landscapes. Are they beautiful? And why, yet again?

*The fun in the figure of the mother.*

It's the first time that I've cooked rice pudding. My arm got tired from stirring. Is this work? It got cold too soon, wet-heavy chill and nothing evaporated. *Gautama Buddha's final meal before his enlightenment was a large bowl of rice pudding (wikipedia). You hear someone say it's like white on rice, what they mean is that the situation is as close as anything can be. In other words, you've got it covered the way rice is covered in whiteness (unless it's wild rice or brown rice or even red rice).*<sup>1</sup> The rice pudding blushes, now and then. Once it's baby blue.

Less-good bourbon vanilla ice cream, strawberry ice cream with redundant bits of strawberries, is moulded into penises with balls (family packages of solely strawberry ice cream are surprisingly hard to find in Berlin supermarkets, vanilla and chocolate are far more popular, it seems, and come from cheaper providers *ja(!)*).

*Suck my (creamy vanilla ice) dick! Lick my (cold strawberry flavoured) balls!*

And the press release.

Don't mother me!

The vanilla ice cream changes its colour too, at times. I will reproduce them for the opening, even if tinier - it will not rain in the public space, in front of the gallery - the vanilla ice penises, from

<sup>1</sup> <https://idiomation.wordpress.com/2013/03/20/like-white-on-rice/>

the pictures, in a quite loving, motherly, performative gesture. What comes out of pictures, for pleasure. They exist again now in reality. Till they get eaten up, or drip more or less soon from the ice spoon and stain. Everyone eating up these cold, sweet ice cream dicks will become part of the work - their bodies anyway. Later they will shit art. And they will be relieved. Nothing will turn mouldy and become consumed by rats<sup>2</sup> (or worms).

*You make me very hungry.*<sup>3</sup>

Art would benefit from more mothering. A mom? A loving one. Being needed as well. And if we did it for each other? Being another artist in Berlin is redundant. We are not stronger, when we are more. I wish I didn't know that. Or it doesn't feel like it. Due to money and the system. Fear goes hand in hand with adaptation and bad luck. And sober it's almost impossible. But I cannot leave here yet. New solidarities? To make it good or right is difficult, even more within the wrong system. The system jams possible love or joy. You have to be able to afford to be yourself. *I am hungry for your absence.* Be more relational!

The salad is not green but sepia-coloured. Calm, pale pictures as if from another time (where everyone is now dead, already).

Delay, as in the/a mood. Or in the looking at a photograph. Chrysanthemums are the flowers of November, not only in November, and death. They appear to be coming from the 1950s, although they were just bought in a flower shop in Kreuzberg. All calming green is filtered out. How much is a lush red reminiscent of communism? They seem slightly exhausted already. We need more common grounds. Rats wouldn't be interested by them. At least, I think, they wouldn't.

Rice and ice and butterhead (for the adults?). *I bring the flowers.*

<sup>2</sup> I would have loved to see this exhibition and also very much the large-scale *wonder bread* sculptures by the Ching Chong Latino Boys ...large-scale bread sculptures made by groups of people chewing up hundreds of loaves of wonder bread and pasting the material together, only to turn moldy and become consumed by rats. <http://manilainstitute.org/programming/cclb-anthology-iii>

<sup>3</sup> *You make me very hungry* is the final sentence in Paul Thomas Anderson's movie *Phantom Thread*, 2017.

I am late. Jean Fautrier painted chrysanthemums, yellow and orange on lots of black. In Japan white chrysanthemums symbolize adversity, lamentation and/or grief. He painted in the 1940s, and before it, and after as well. I can feel his paintings' sometimes grotesque yearnings. His urge to sabotage. Or I am very touched by them. I guess it's the time, or rather a certain attitude towards their time. They are, in their very own energy, seductive and both tender and violent. Mean? They/he understands something here, or tries. In 1945 he "... sported snakeskin shoes at the opening of his *Otages*<sup>4</sup> show..."<sup>5</sup>

This is no narrative. All is unbound. I need more/other questions. Ask me something.

My first time in Berlin was in the summer of 1990. Alexanderplatz and its surroundings were deserted of people, but crammed with advertisement-posters for cigarettes that read: *Test the West*. It was paralysing, and creepy. No accident certainly. What really happens by accident? You could almost watch an idea dying there, or something like that. This May, at *Die Welt*<sup>6</sup> in Charlottenburg, Robert Müller had an exhibition. Beside water-colours, he showed black & white photographs of himself as a vampire at a fancy-dress party in 1990 in Berlin. Not only him but, as he recounted, also all of his friends were disguised as vampires. In 1990 you could buy vampire teeth for the first time in East Berlin. We're almost happy, or supposed to be.

I yet again need a second gallery. Gladly also one in Japan. And soon. Anyone?

The funny (in the) figure of the mother. *But she's never funny enough, the mother.*

And what the hell do adults do? We?

The use of femininity. How do I act in absence, on my absence?

<sup>4</sup> *Les otages* (The hostages): *Peintures et sculptures de Jean Fautrier*, Galerie René Drouin, Paris (October 26-November 17, 1945).

<sup>5</sup> Yve-Alain Bois, *The Falling Trapeze in Jean Fautrier 1898-1964*, S.59, Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 2002.

<sup>6</sup> *Die Welt* is an exhibition series organized by Simon Lässig, Vera Lutz, and Zacharias Wackwitz, <http://diewelt2017.blogspot.com>.

My supposed death. Can the writer be also the mother? A writing mother? (Disappear into the/a mother?) Does this need brackets? Do I play a body? Roland Barthes writes in 1973 in *The Pleasure of the Text* “The writer is someone who plays with his mother’s body.”.

Why do I find so much sexiness in snakeskin shoes? Was it your wearing cowboy boots?

Photography is passive-aggressive and clean.

The pictures stopped sweating. They don’t cry (even if they comprise all the sadness of the world). It makes me happy to look at them. It is good that they are beautiful, they are good at that. My face is not tear-smearred with mascara, but my mouth with vanilla ice cream. Now they are filthy. Altered not least to hinder their only digital reading. Still they look good online. There is soot and/or ice cream finger prints on the glass of the frames. This renders the works finally unique, therefore more expensive. And they need care.

I leave the reproductive labour of cleaning to the buyers.

On the way to *Liszt*, one of my favourite Berlin off-spaces, there is a funeral home with a show window, which makes me stop every time. In it, a little sculpture of a drooping penis lies gently in an open hand. Life-sized, or almost. White marble maybe, or something mimicking it. A very special, quite moving sight. And it takes a while to register that this saggy penis is supposed to represent an angel (as well).

On the strawberry ice cream penis picture you see a shadow. I used the inbuilt flash, but I always work with a 55mm lens (I like to have to get closer), which due to its size casts a shadow.

What do we do with information?

*Und ich hab schon wieder Hunger.*<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Und ich hab schon wieder Hunger* is the final sentence in Paul Thomas Anderson’s movie *Phantom Thread*, 2017, in the German dubbed version.